



THE
POLITICAL PRIEST:

OR,

Propagation with a Vengeance!



K

Anti-Polygarnist.



THE
POLITICAL PRIEST:
OR,
Propagation with a Vengeance!

A SATIRE, by a married Woman;
With a PROLOGUE, by a married Man;
And a PREFACE, by an old Batchelor.

THE WHOLE ADDRESSED TO THE
F E M A L E S E X,

And dedicated (without Permission) to a certain

Reverend P O L Y G A M I S T.

*This way, or that way, or which way we will,
What would comfort the one, t'other wife would take ill.*

GAY.



L O N D O N:

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THE
POLITICAL PRIEST:

OF

Propagation with a Vengeance!

A SATIRE, by a married Woman;

With a PROLOGUE by a married Man;

And a PREFACE by an old Bachelor.



The Words addressed to the

P. E. M. A. L. I. S. T. X.

And dedicated (without Fee) to a certain

Reverend P. O. L. Y. C. A. M. I. S. T.

The new edition of this work will

be ready for sale in a few days.

LONDON.

Printed by J. STOKES, at the 'Penny Press', No. 1, St. Paul's Church-yard.

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MDCCCXXXI.

Price 1s. 6d. per copy.

DEDICATION.

Reverend Sir,

IN return for your late *popular* Treatise, I take the liberty of presenting you with the following satirical bagatelle. I flatter myself, on perusal, you will find it *interesting* and moral, if not *entertaining*.

Your's,

ANTI-POLYGAMIST.

D E D I C A T I O N

Reverend Sir,

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 11th inst. in relation to the
take the liberty of presenting you with the
following historical paper. I have no doubt
on point, you will find it interesting and in-
teresting.

Yours,

ANTI-FORGERY

P R E F A C E.

THE purport of my preface is briefly this: — To inform you, that my brother, for these twelve years, has lamented his hard fate, in being tied to what many husbands might think a valuable acquisition, — an over-learned wife: nor is this her greatest failing; — (for Charles will insist that a failing it is;) — not content with exposing herself to the ridicule of all her friends by *her own* unwarrantable attachment to scribbling, she is perpetually challenging my poor brother to take upon him a similar character; briefly, to commence author: and, as a farther inducement to the point in question, she takes up her pen, and I may say at the expence of one of the most conspicuous, if not contemptible, characters now living; — invokes the Muse; — and to do Bess justice, she never invoked the Muse on a more laudable occasion.

The TREATISE, to which her Satire in some measure alludes, she tells me is unworthy a serious investigation: she therefore leaves *that* to the criticisms of such as are disposed to combat with the united equivocations of a *lawyer* and a *priest*. She moreover adds, that, upon the slightest consideration, the evil consequences of the doctor's *system* too plainly appear; but the TREATISE (as I have said before) she leaves for the opinion of others, and is content to revenge herself on the-pragmatic author.

In

P R E F A C E.

In behalf of her production she has little to offer; she writes, as the doctor did,—*for her sex*; publishes, as the doctor did,—for money. No vamped-up stories, dull quotations, or PIOUS LIES, swell out her Satire; but the TREATISE goes for *ten* Shillings, her Poem for *one*. What then? Why, the doctor's work is — *ten* to *one* better than hers.

As to poor Charles, (whom I had almost forgot,) he writes at the instigation of a wife: whatever, therefore, are *his* faults, he begs you will lay them at *her* door.

In regard to myself, you know at the instance of the married couple I take up my pen; my errors must then, of course, be placed to their account.

Upon the whole, if the following bagatelle should chance to meet an unfavourable reception from the town, poor Bess will have more errors to answer for than she will ever be brought to acknowledge. — I tremble when I think on her situation; for, in life, and too frequently with authors, misfortunes happen to those who are least able to bear them.

PROLOGUE.

P R O L O G U E.

IN times like these, few poets can contrive

To keep their Muses or themselves alive :

Of no such truth my *rhyming* wife admits ;

She vows mankind live chiefly by their wits :

Insists that writing speaks the man of sense,

And gives the poorest rogue some consequence.

In vain I try to calm the angry dame,

In vain I reason, — Bess is still the same.

But, to convince me of her love of rhymes,

She writes a *thing*, and says 'twill suit the times ;

Declares a Prologue from a brain like mine,

Dull as it is, will make the piece divine.

What can I do ? confute that learned wit,

Who vows, “ *Poeta nascitur, non fit* ? ”

Can I ask favours of a stranger-Muse ?

Or will she grant them when a stranger sues ?

B

Yet

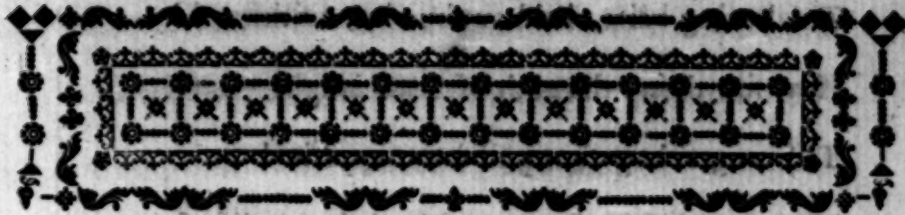
Yet must I write; else Bess will tell her friends
 I hold my peace to serve my private ends.
 Well, since I must, — Phœbus, who e'er protects
 The bard that scribbles for the female sex,
 No doubt will join me, when I sing in time,
 And help me out, if needful, with a rhyme. —
 No more I ask. — And now, ye fair-ones, list:
 No *priest* am I, nor yet *polygamist*;
 “ *A plain blunt man, and that she knows full well,*”
 Who bade me thus address each British belle:
 For, such alone to please, Bess wrote the poem,
 'Gainst that old *priest*—No names; you sure must know him:
 That *priest*, who treats alike with foul abuse
 Both customs in and statutes out of use:
 That *priest*, whose BOOK might moulder on the shelf,
 Were not mankind as impious as himself:

But

But the fly doctor knew the world full well;
 Slander he wrote, for that he judg'd would sell.
 His WORK, made up of many a dull quotation
 From bards of this and wits of ev'ry nation,
 Calls to my mind the fate of half our beaux,
 Who owe their consequence to borrow'd clothes.
 'Gainst such a man my Bess presumes to write;
 (Scribbling I've told you is the jade's delight;)
 For you, ye injur'd fair, she tunes her lays,
 Spare then alike your censure and your praise;
 Check not an ardour, breath'd for you alone;
 Think on the cause, nay, think the cause your own.
 Shall a dull fool, unpunish'd, mock that state,
 Which renders happiness, so truly great!
 Shall he, approv'd, a pois'nous law rehearse,
 Or, knowing woman frail, describe her worse!

Though brother-priests may give the work a blessing,
 Woman shall give the *author-priest* a dressing ;
 Teach him what 'tis to treat the sex with scorn,
 And prove herself, like him, a writer born.
 Man, too, at least each marry'd man, will rise,
 And own the law our *minister* denies ;
 E'en batchelors shall prove his lasting foes,
 And they who can't make rhymes shall scribble prose.
 Thus, on each side attack'd, our *priest* must yield,
 And, 'midst the grand confusion, fly the field ;
 'Midst the loud shouts of conqu'ring bards retreat,
 To make their triumph gloriously complete.

THE



THE
POLITICAL PRIEST.

SUCH the caprice, (or call it what you will,)
Which long has sway'd the world, and sways it still,
That bare-fac'd poets scruple not to dwell
On ev'ry vice which marks the am'rous belle;
So they at last but bring the girl to shame,
The piece is *moral* and acquires a name.

Alike

Alike in life : — How few, while youth's at hand,

Th'alluring baits, held out by vice, withstand !

How few desert the path of mad delight,

Till vengeful age has pall'd the appetite !

Then, press'd by shame and loaded with disease,

They drop their fav'rite vices by degrees ;

At length reflect, repentance too begins,

And *one* short pray'r is good for fifty sins !

Are then God's mercies bought at such a price ?

Or can a month well-spent pay years of vice ?

Can off'rings from the wretch, whom age denies

A taste for pleasures youth so dearly buys,

Ward-off the scourges which his crimes await,

Or shield him from the bitterness of fate ?

Yet, if a *convert's* pray'rs thus ill atone

For vices which he must yet dreads to own,

What

What fate's in store for him, on life's dull eve,
 Who mocks the Pow'r he cannot disbelieve !
 Who wastes the days, indulgent Heav'n prepares
 For deep reflection, penitence, and pray'rs,
 In open service of a shameful cause,
Sporting with Scripture and its sacred laws !
 Such men have liv'd : e'en *now* there's one, at least,
 Answers the subject, and that one a *priest* :
 A noisy preacher, who, for sake of pelf,
 Will rail at drunkenness, though drunk himself,
 Hold up the curse on whoredom to your view,
 And damn all harlots, though himself kept *two* :
 Nay, if Report unperjur'd takes her oath,
 I blush to say — *one mother bore them both !*
 Strange as it is, this doctor of renown
 Once wore a *lawyer's*, not a *parson's*, gown :

The

The force of law and priestcraft few dispute,
 Reason oft pleads, but might as well be mute.
 Arm'd at such points, well may the doctor write,
 Preach up his laws, and mock the critic's spite.

Dress'd in each borrow'd charm which art can bring,
 The harlot looks all-blooming as the spring ;
 Her *specious* youth allures the heated swain,
 He loves, he sighs, he kneels, nor kneels in vain :
 But, ere the night has witness'd half those joys,
 Which artful wantons promise love-sick boys,
 Phædria awakes, and turns, with trembling care,
 To gaze in transport on the sleeping fair.
 He looks, — but, ah ! the sight his love difarms,
 For Thais now is stripp'd of all her charms !
 Save those few charms, (false teeth, false hair, perfume,)
 Which lie at random scatter'd round the room :

In

In partial daubs the paint her cheek besmears,
 Wrinkles purse-up her skin and speak her years.
 Stung with remorse, our Phædria flies the place,
 And leaves the nymph to dream of his disgrace.
 Alike our priest has art enough to hide
 His inward foulness by a fair outside.
 Well-titled books allure like girls well-dress'd,
 Foul though within, they e'er go off the best :
 No wonder, then, the doctor's work should sell ;
 If priests can't *christen*, who can *christen* well ?
 Your giddy girls, gay widows, maids, and wives,
 Eager to know at what the doctor drives,
 Purchase the TREATISE ; and, ere half perus'd,
 Find not their sex defended, — but abus'd :
 Enrag'd, to meet contempt where praise is due,
 They burn his book, and fain would burn him too,
 Nay worse, condemn it ere they've read it through.

Reviewers too, like Phædria, who was cloy'd
 With the dear nymph he had but half enjoy'd,
 Sick to the soul, read here and there a page,
 More than enough to spawn their monthly rage.

So much for critics and their motley crew,
 With them I've done, and now I turn to you.
 From you, dear doctor, ev'ry *wife* expects
 You'll name the lady, whose observ'd defects
 Have caus'd this wond'rous treatise on our sex.
 Has she revil'd the maxims you adopt?
 Or, while you woo'd, some hints on *custom* dropp'd?
 Has she, unmov'd by *promises*, deny'd
 To grant your wish, ere made a *modern bride*?
 Are these the great *defects*, on which you dare
 To found your bitter TREATISE on the fair?
 If urg'd by views like these, rail on, dull priest,
 " Swear WOMAN IS LESS VALUED THAN A BEAST : "

But

But ill the sex stomachs that thought from you,
 Whose youthful days (if loud Report says true)
 Own to more vices, riot, and excess,
 Than man *should* know, or language *can* express !
 And is it thus you leave the world's great stage ?
 Thus wear away the ev'ning of your age ?
 O priest, is't thus at mercy's awful throne,
 For crimes which might be pardon'd, you atone ?
 Attempt no farther, by your strange disputes,
 To damn the law which reason constitutes.
 Shall none but ranting fools like you be heard ?
 Or, *wedlock's spite*, shall woman take your word ?
 No, doctor ; arts like yours may all decry ;
 Let us remember, they, who *swear not, lie*.
 Yet still rail on ; tell us, your *new-made laws*
 Plead for our sex, and merit its applause :

But,

But, shall a woman rest her hopes on you,
 Who hold her failings up to public view?
 Shall she betray no decency of pride,
 To hear those failings mock'd which man should hide?
 Shall she, alike to truth and honour dead,
 Thus call'd on, lurk behind and droop her head?
 No; virtue's spirit, like the patriot's soul,
 Is hard to rouse, and harder to controul;
 Prepare then, traitor; arm'd with ev'ry curse,
 Which rage can boast, and coward fear make worse;
 Arm'd with the bitters which from vengeance flow;
 Woman stands forth, and dares to meet her foe!
 Then, ere too late, reverse your mad decree;
 Else — but no more. — “ *Farewel, remember me!* ”

23 JY 68
 THE END.

